Glastonbury Fayre

1979

"Cows always calve over a blind spring"

Waifs and heretics at Worthy Farm

Michael Eavis

Three successive (if not successful) generations of Eavis have farmed here without Happenings — and to launch a Festival of this kind may seem to require some explanation. I suppose it will seem fanciful to blame a 'repression' of childhood, but schooldays were decidedly sheltered from such realities as the current Rock, and a transistor smuggled under the pillow in my Wells Cathedral School dormitory had to keep me in touch with this rather forbidden world. What the child is sheltered from will obviously obsess him until the end. Beethoven's Fifth and a Cadet Corps had been offered me — they do not engross me now! But Superpop stoutly amplified will always stir me, I think. Decidedly I was stirred by the Blues Festival held in the Bath and West Showground in 1970, but most especially by the people, this astonishing flood (so disturbing to the sanitary-minded) of berry eaters, 'gentle people', the colourful, the coloured — just following the star and coping with survival problems as manfully as the Outward Bound. It is understandably argued that freaking youngsters of those days with their 'flower power' and child gurus scarcely offered an 'alternative society'. But flower and song relate to life. The times they *are* a' changing, and to freak out may be to *opt* out from cruel servitudes and brutal 'politics' fronted by suave talk. Allegedly there are two human types — the tough-minded and the tender; and, whatever the necessities of past ages, it is today the excesses of the rough that are ruinous and need to be curtailed. Beguiled and rather touched by this Children's Crusade, I was soon saving up

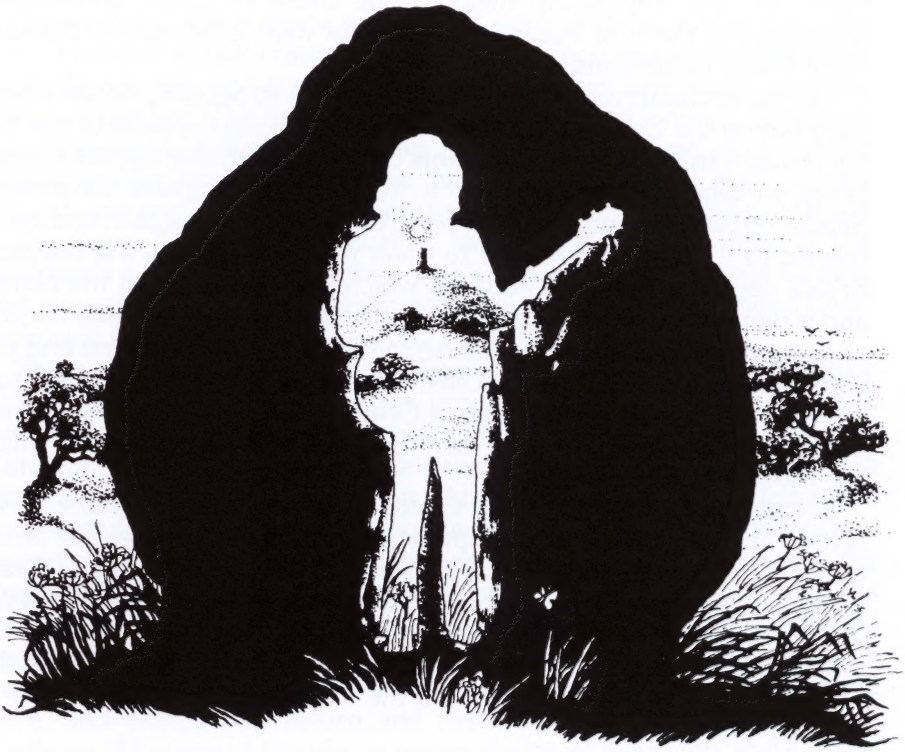
milk cheques to have a festival of my own — to the instant consternation of local Brigadiers, with that aversion of the retired for 'drop-outs', or retirers. Indeed, the Police, the Council and Red Cross took turns at dissuasion, but, happily, when I persisted these same authorities helped to see me through. Perhaps the highlight of my first Festival was the great reception of Marc Bolan of T. Rex (now sadly missed). I like to hope it helped him along. But my loss was £1500.

Then came Andrew Kerr and Arabella Churchill with plans for a bigger festival in 1971 to be called 'Glastonbury Fayre', which could, among other things, possibly recoup some loss. The *Guardian* once described Andrew Kerr as 'charismatic' — which my concise dictionary does not contain. But it must surely be praise, and with a name (and, as it turned out, a personality) like Arabella, I felt we could not go wrong. They rented the farmhouse for the winter prior to the Festival and moved in with selected advisers; and in an odd way it became a sort of House of Cordiality in the neighbourhood where anyone not allergic to joss-sticks might take tea and heresy. I fear I may be half tender and half tough, for my occasional conclusion from the debates that ensued was that one could not *farm* in this dream dimension!

My hopeful posters forbidding drugs went unchallenged, but strange proclamations were to join them, like 'I had no power, therefore had patience' and 'The violets in the mountains have broken the rocks'. If any resident was not to be found, he might be taking therapy in an 'orgone accumulator', a kind of Dr Who machine, set up in the hall. Indeed, there are still remnants of a 'cloudbusting' device in the cowstall which I regard with unease. Andrew was rather occupied with 'ley lines', currents and magnetism under the earth, and I recall an occasion when he had offered to help with a calving, but the cow was nowhere to be seen. Reflecting on this, he remarked that she should be no trouble to find, since "cows always calve over a blind spring" — and set out with a dowsing twig in his hand. I fancy this role of the occult in agriculture may hardly have been explored.

But soon the cows had to move out (to a friend's farm high in the Mendips) as the crowds moved in — and I think they were thankful to go. The thousands straggled in, with every minority from Gay Liberation to Black Liberation represented — and the footsore 'gentle' couples, serving gods more ancient than Patrimony or Alimony. Andrew had planned a pyramidal stage and set us in motion — we might have known! — at the time of the solstice. There were some poets this time, but it was mostly decibels that deluged alike the just and the unjust — as the Free Food Kitchen kept on feeding. Generously provisioned by model Jean

Shrimpton and some others, it did humane service and certainly ministered to more than the five thousand. The Release tent had one case of strychnine poisoning (survived!) and Drug Officers were slightly impeded in their duties by a curious fact unknown to Interpol — that the effects of the local cider were indistinguishable from the drug LSD (it must account for some Somerset folklore). I guess these genial officers got eventually as resigned as I had become with elated fellows pitching enormous marquees, holloing "Free land, man, free land!" There was a tremulous lady who claimed that she had espied some nudity (from a telescope in her attic, one must assume) and the usual chatter of 'permissiveness' by grim housewives. But, the goosewomen apart, I rate it (though again not financially) a success — and a profit, too, in a real sense. For even a half-tough seems to get leavened by the young protest 'blowin' in the wind' — and in the teeth of the old 'politics'.



Glastonbury: past, present and future

Geoffrey Ashe

From Worthy Farm, all you can see of Glastonbury is the Tor, the strange hill with a tower on top. Out of sight on the far side of it is Glastonbury town, which lies among lower hills. They are all differently shaped. Chalice Hill is a smooth natural dome. Wirral or Wearyall Hill is a ridge flung out like a limb. Windmill Hill has a trick of masking the others, and changing the visual effect of the cluster as you move round it. At the town's centre are the scanty ruins of its vast medieval Abbey.

If you go and climb the Tor you can look out over those other hills, and over a haunted, spell-weaving landscape charged with secrets. In the level moors towards the Bristol Channel, archaeologists have found traces of the oldest roads in the world, made before 3000 BC. Afterwards the water encroached, and early in the Christian era Glastonbury's hill-cluster was almost cut off. Ancient names for it, handed down over the centuries, are Ynys-witrin meaning the Island of Glass, and Avalon meaning the Place of Apples — names of mythic power for Britain's early Celtic inhabitants.

Yet the enchantments of this 'island' go back to people who were here even before the Celts. The odd looking ridges along the sides of the Tor are thought to be the worn remnants of a spiral path that circled it seven times, winding in and out again — a ritual maze ending near the summit Similar spirals are found in other parts of the world. This clue, and many related to it, give good reason to think that the Tor was the principal British centre in a sacred network which once overspread the planet, and is dimly recalled in stories of Atlantis, Shambhala, and other abodes of ancient wisdom. The Hopi of Arizona rever the same spiral and call it the Mother Earth symbol. At Glastonbury it seems to take us back to a far-off, utterly different age when a Great Goddess reigned rather than gods, and women rather than men controlled the high magic by which the tribes lived.

Something survived of the Goddess's mysteries when the Celts settled in Britain bringing their priest-magicians the Druids. The Druid Order admitted women as well as men. Near Glastonbury, Celtic villages flourished at Godney and Meare, and a spring at the foot of the Tor (now called Chalice Well) was probably a healing fount sacred to the Goddess under some druidical name. While the Celts may have lost the secret of the Tor maze, they held the hill in awe as the entrance to another world.

When the age of the Druids gave way to the age of Christ, Glastonbury became the home of the first British Christian community. The change happened without violence, and so long ago that no trustworthy records exist. We do have one solid fact. In the time of the Saxon kings, near what is now the town's centre, there stood a simple Christian building dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It was called the Old Church, and even then no one knew how old it was. A fellowship of monks had been living near it and worshipping in it for centuries. Tradition reached back and back, telling how saints and pilgrims had visited Glastonbury and always found the Old Church already there.

A famous legend says it was built by Joseph of Arimathea, the man of Jerusalem who obtained the body of Christ after the Crucifixion and laid it in his own tomb. Afterwards the story goes, he came to Britain bringing the Holy Grail. Around this theme of the wonder working cup of the Last Supper, and how it was lost and people went in quest of it and had visions, grew a romance of initiation in which symbols and images from the pagan world were carried forward into the Christian.

Glastonbury was a place where that could happen. Whenever the first Christians actually came, they came to a sanctuary which they knew to be already holy and powerful. One token of their knowledge survives on top of the Tor. The tower is all that remains of the Church of Michael the Archangel, which the monks put there because of the hill's sacredness for the pagans before them. It is likely, too, that the Old Church was dedicated to Mary because she was the Christian successor to the Great Goddess, the Mother. We have further glimpses of the Goddess's not-quite extinguished spell in legends of mysterious women who kept the Grail, and other mysterious women who attended Glastonbury's best-known hero — King Arthur.

There was a real Arthur, a war-leader who drove back the barbaric Saxons invading Britain about the year 500. The hill-fort of Cadbury a few miles away is said to have been his chief stronghold, the original Camelot. An old tale tells how he came to recover his wife Guinevere when a local prince abducted her. About 1190 the monks claimed to have found his grave, and hers too, near the Old Church. In poetry and legend Arthur grew into a more-than-mortal figure. As head of the Round Table knighthood, he embodied ideals of justice and chivalry. As lord of a time which was looked back on as a golden age, he became a demigod on a pre-Christian mythic pattern. Rumour declared that he was not dead but immortal, living in an enchanted island or asleep in a cave, and destined to return and restore his age of gold in Britain. Cadbury Hill is one of the places where the belief has clung, and it is said

that on Midsummer Eve he and his knights appear on top...or are heard...or make their presence felt somehow.

The idea that Arthur will return, and the dream of finding the Grail, are linked with a prophecy that Glastonbury will be re-born. Several times in the past, some great beginning has revealed its latent power. Not only did the first British Christian community assemble here, its Abbey was the place where the United Kingdom itself began, because it was here that Celts and Saxons learned to stop killing each other and start co-operating, as fellow-scholars and craftsmen under enlightened kings of Wessex. And after the Vikings laid England waste, it was from Glastonbury's schools and workshops, when St Dunstan was abbot, that the ways of civilised living spread again through the country. Thanks to the hard work of the medieval monks and their tenants, the sea was held back and the reclaimed Somerset levels were turned into farmland.

With its immense history and its traditions of Arthur and the Grail, the Abbey became a national shrine. In 1539 Henry VIII dissolved it and hanged the last abbot on the Tor. It seemed that the glory was departed. But there is a long-standing belief, now gathering strength, that this desolation was not the end — that in some sense which we cannot see yet, Glastonbury's future is greater than its past.

In modern times the magic has started quietly working again, inspiring new ventures. During the 1920s the composer Rutland Boughton, supported by Bernard Shaw, Laurence Housman and many more celebrities, ran an annual Glastonbury Festival which was the forerunner of those at Bath, Aldeburgh and other places. It came to an end, but the town's Assembly Rooms where he staged it have lately been re-opened. A restored festival took place there in 1978, and a second is happening from June 24th to 30th this year, with a more popular, free-ranging style. In 1971 the first Glastonbury Fayre was held at Worthy Farm. This gave a major impulse to a world-wide spread of Glastonbury's special renown among those who look for a new Aquarian Age — and an impulse, also, to a steady increase in the number of visitors that has been going on ever since.

Other projects have been less happy. The mixed record of modern activities is a thing to bear in mind in all contacts with the people of the town. To many of them its legends and holiness mean a great deal, but tactless outsiders have made them wary. No bright future is possible that is not grounded on their goodwill as well as the vision of seekers who come and go. The last few years have seen much progress in sympathy. Yet the scars left by past misunderstandings are still easy to find. It is important that visitors should do nothing to re-open them.

It is important, too, to be on guard against a mistake which many have made, with sad results for themselves and others. You may have been here before, you may know the place well, you may have read books on it. But whatever your own hopes and beliefs, don't try to impose them on Glastonbury. Don't be too confident that you know what it's all about and what ought to be done here next. The Presence is greater than any of us and it holds many secrets in reserve. Often it seems to reject people who come obsessed with their own notions, forcing them to re-think or keep away. The right course is to explore, to be open and receptive, in the company of others as well as alone. New energies are building up . . . help them to unfold. New paths are appearing . . . walk along them and see where they lead. The shape of the future will emerge in its proper time. No human can dictate it. All can share in the experience that brings it closer to consciousness.

Glastonbury and the 1980s

Steve Hillage and *Pete Tuffnell*

We're gathered together on the shores of the Crystal Isle, to exchange our gifts, recharge our batteries, and to stimulate this special place as a generator of hope for the years to come. The time is the Summer Solstice, when in the Northern Hemisphere, the sun — sustainer of all life on its satellite Earth — is at its highest point in the sky. The right time and the right place for a celebration of joy and vitality.

The essential power within Glastonbury is fusion — the melting together of diverse ideas, attitudes and energies. Some of the less conventional ingredients of this fusion may need some introduction.

The Zodiac

It is suggested that the mysterious foundations of Glastonbury were laid down by colonists from Atlantis, seeking a home for their knowledge, in expectation of the disaster that submerged their civilisation. Perhaps these were the people who first moulded the Glastonbury landscape with their natural awareness of the subtle energies of earth and sky.

John Dee, a famous 16th century magician, gives the first recorded reference to the giant zodiac in the land round Glastonbury. He called it 'Merlin's secret'. In the 1920s, Katherine Maltwood independently perceived and mapped these huge figures, with the aid of aerial photographs. Her work has recently been modified and developed by Mary Caine *(see Fig.1)*.

Fig.1 Glastonbury Zodiac
(after Mary Caine)

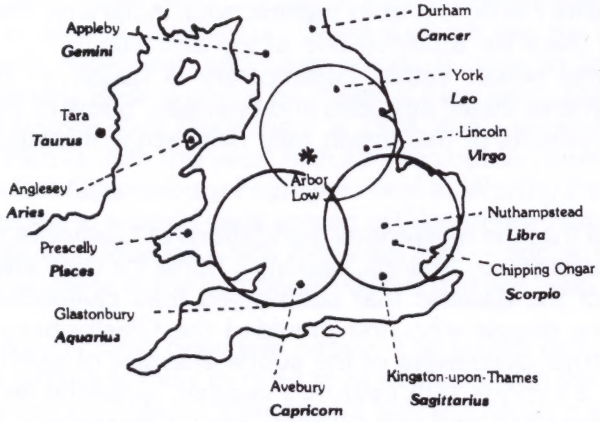


Fig.2 Locations of terrestrial zodiacs
and the 'Ace of Clubs'

The Glastonbury Vision

('Received' from J. Tudor Pole)

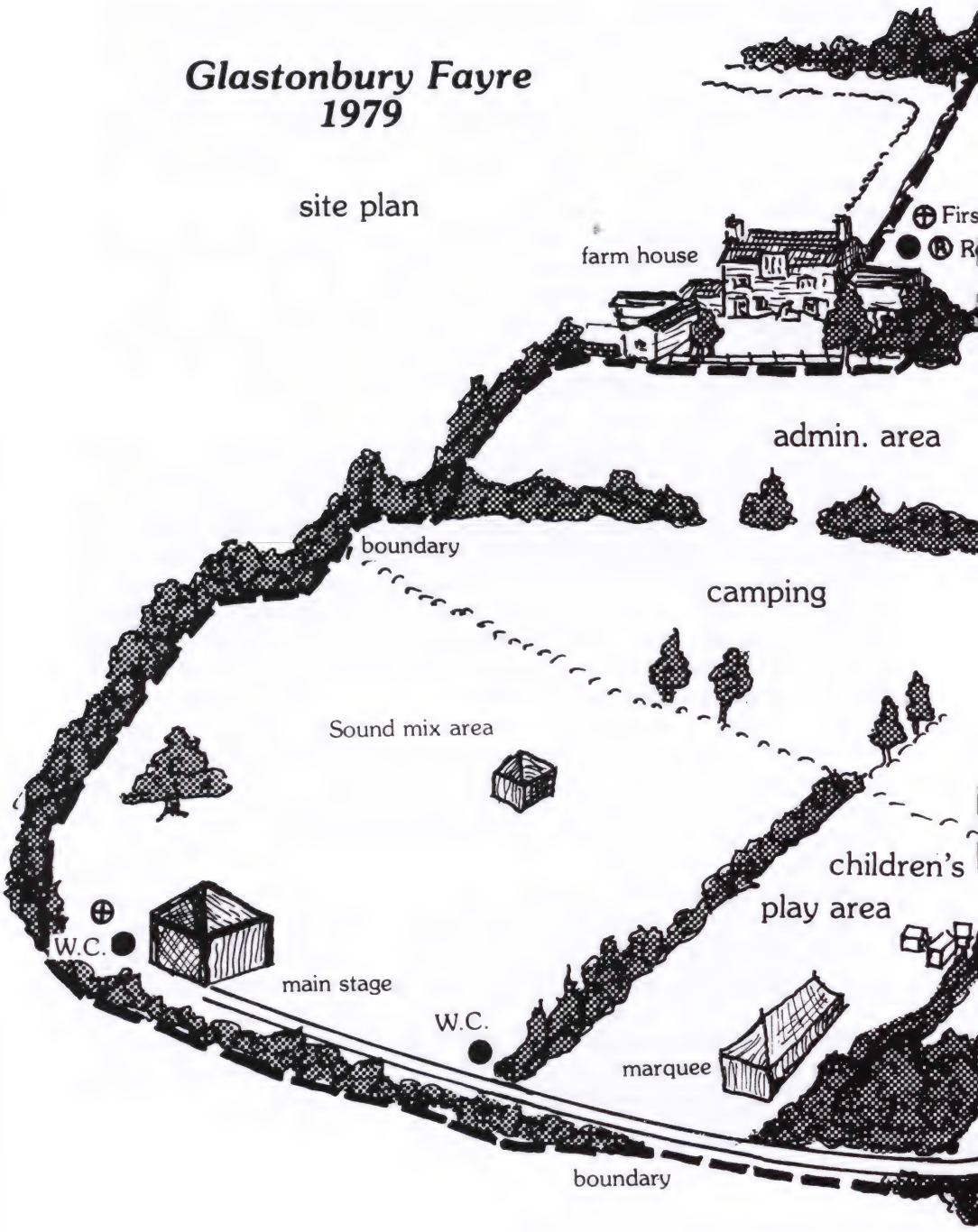
When I died, I awoke at Glastonbury. But the place was almost unknown to me — it was Glastonbury on some other plane of vision. Then out of the mists I found the Tor. This was the centre of power. It began long ago, even before Atlantis, and only later became attuned to human and Christian vibrations, which the Spirits of the Earth firmly held out against. I saw these beings standing on the Tor, radiant and magnificent in all the beauty of mind and power. Then, as I watched, they changed, softened by the more humane Christ ray. I saw a turbulence glowing in the valley, reaching up an enveloping them. The apricot light of the Christ's aura grew and blended with the smoke-blue of the Glastonbury vibration. These two rays formed into a most astonishing pattern, resembling a huge flower with tendrils reaching out in all directions.

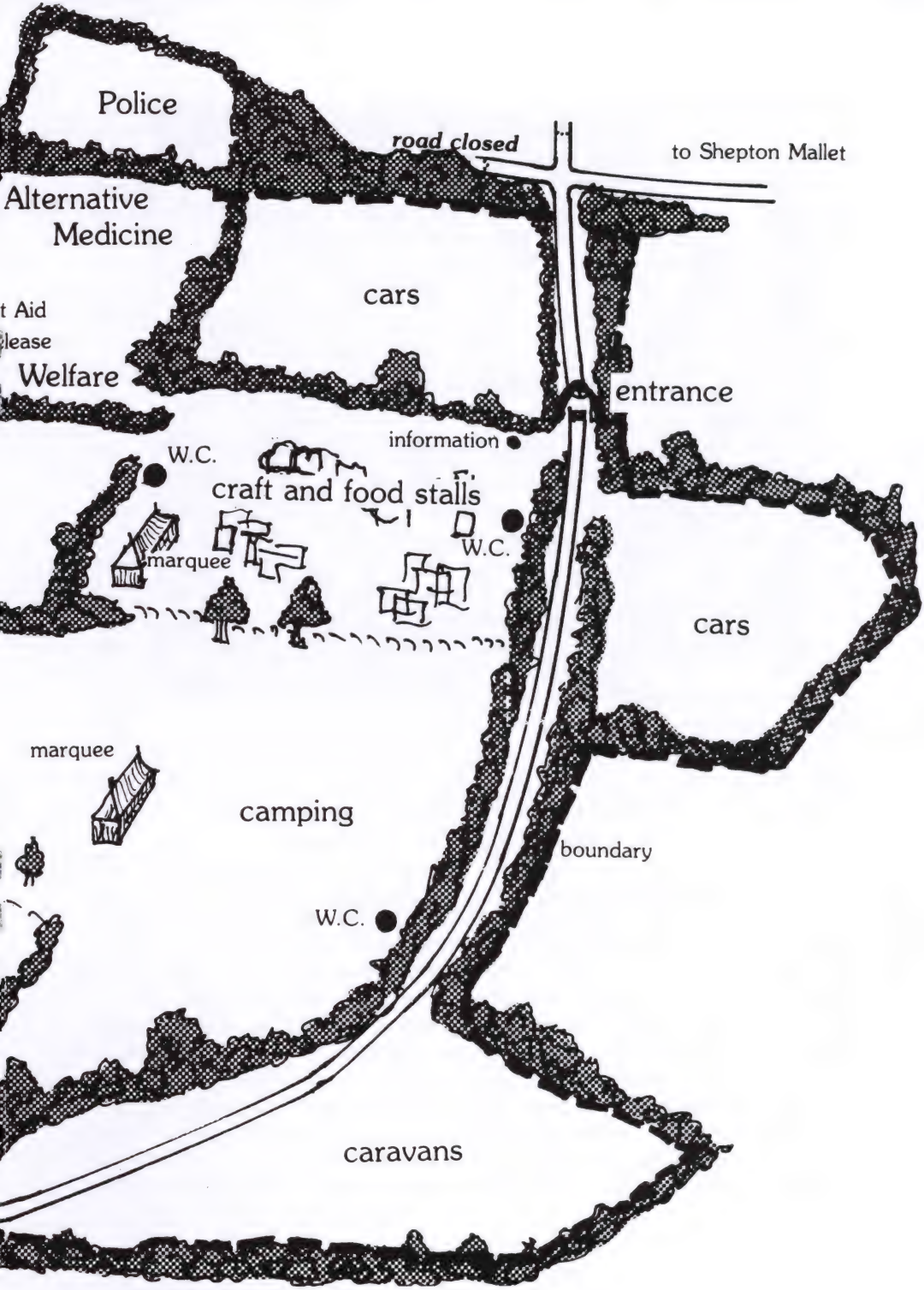
Now I called upon my sight to give me a true picture of the visit of Joseph of Arimathea and his nephew Jesus to this place. The Christ had not yet taken over the body of the boy Jesus who came with his uncle to Glastonbury — but he was already overlighted by this great Spirit. I also saw that at that time, there were other Masters preparing Glastonbury for later revelations. I do not think Glastonbury is meant for a dramatic role of tremendous visions — it is the slow and constant seeping through of Spirit which has impregnated the whole area.

And the Zodiac! I want you to know a little more about this ancient ground-plan. It was designed to attract and to blend rays from the constellations above and from the Masters working there, who, like the Christ, are the embodiment of Divinity in other planets throughout the Universe. So you see, we are here in touch with interstellar Divinity.

I want you to feel that Glastonbury and Iona are two great lighthouses for this planet. Here the ancient wisdom and the Christ love unite. The important thing is that now, at this moment, the complete union of these two worlds is vital. It was effected once in the person of King Arthur and his knights. But the world was unwilling to follow his lead — he was killed and his followers scattered while the material Age flowed over his memory. Yet all the essential vibrations were locked away in the atmosphere until they could be restored to the human race.

Maybe this is what calls us back to Glastonbury time and time again. But what is needed at this moment, even more than power, is purification. This work of cleansing world conditions, so that chaos may be


Glastonbury Fayre
1979
site plan
farm house
admin. area
boundary
camping
Sound mix area
children's
play area
W.C.
main stage
W.C.
marquee
boundary


Police
road closed
to Shepton Mallet
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Medicine
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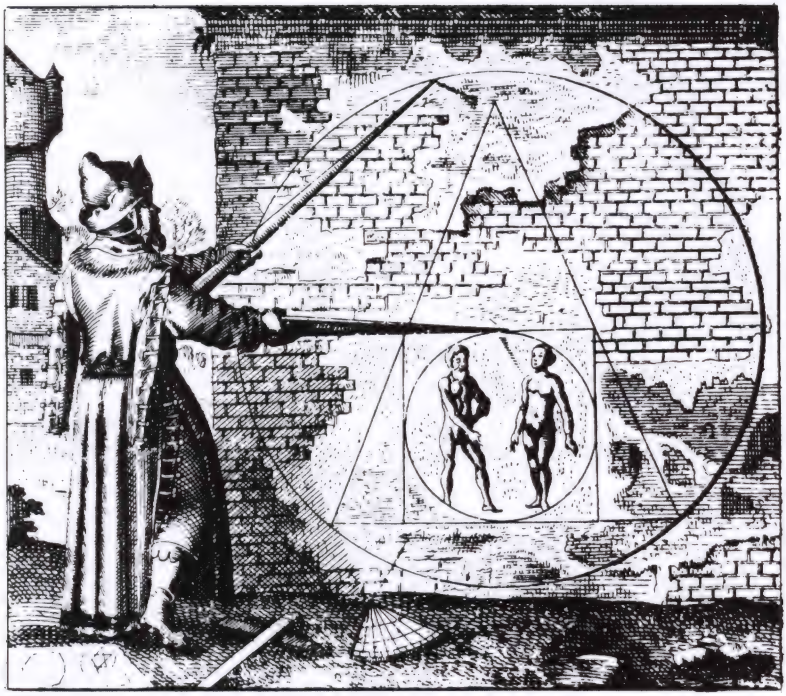

Make a circle of male and female,
then a square, from that a triangle;
make a circle,
and thou shalt have the Philosopher's Stone.

(from Michael Maier, *Atalanta Fugiens,* 1617)

In Romany gypsy lore, the Glastonbury zodiac is seen as a component of a nationwide zodiac, focussed by the magnificent twelve-pointed stone circle at Arbor Low in Derbyshire *(see Fig.2)*. This oral tradition states that there are twelve sites across the British Isles that contain a zodiacal image, marked out in the contours, boundaries, roads and streams. Each of the sites is a focus for one particular constellation, and the gypsies would travel from sign to sign in accord with each astrological season. Traces of these zodiacs have also been found at Kingston-upon-Thames, Nuthampstead, Prescelly and Chipping Ongar.

It is significant that Aquarius — under whose influence our planet will continue to evolve for 2000 years — is focussed at Glastonbury.

The Blueprint

There is another network of ancient sites in which Glastonbury is a focal point. In an ancient Welsh bardic poem Glastonbury, Stonehenge and Llantwit Major in Wales are described as the 'Three Perpetual Choirs of Britain'. These three sites appear to be points on a gigantic ten-sided figure, 126 miles in diameter, centred in the Malvern Hills. This tradition lives on in the 'Three Choirs Festival' of Gloucester, Hereford and Worcester — the three county towns that surround the centre of this 'ring of power'. It is also interesting that the recently revived Malvern Festival was founded by Bernard Shaw and Rutland Boughton, when the Glastonbury Festivals they supported in the 1920s came to an end. There are traces of similar rings in Northern and Eastern England, overlapping to form an Ace of Clubs symbol, and conforming to an exact geometry. Like the zodiac images, this network is only visible from above — a fact that has not been overlooked by UFO enthusiasts.

Ley Lines and UFOs

The term 'ley line' was given by Alfred Watkins, a Herefordshire inventor, to the exact alignments of ancient sites that he mapped and traversed in the 1920s. Interest waned in the 1940s, but picked up again in the 50s, after some research linking the lines — and their intersections — with UFO activity. Ley centres like Glastonbury receive an above average share of visits from our 'flying friends'. Leys are lines of natural power, apparently focussed by our ancestors into a network resembling the electric National Grid system. Ironically, both a ley line and a pylon line pass through Worthy Farm. The classic ley alignments of Glastonbury include the 'Dragon Line', stretching from St Michael's Mount in Cornwall, through St Michael's tower on the Tor, on to Avebury stone circle and beyond. Another line passes South of the town, branching

away from the Dragon Line at Othery, along the hills South of Worthy Farm, through Warminster, and on to Mersea Island in Essex. From the Abbey to Stonehenge, a third line passes through the festival site *(see Fig.1)*.

In the 1970s, more attention has been paid to dowsing the lines, than to simply noting lines on maps. Dowsing — the water-diviner's art — enables us to amplify the subtle energies of the lines, so we can find them and gauge their intensity. This has helped us to become aware of the flexibility of the lines, and that men can create lines, become channels for them, and be affected by them. As they act as conduits for the vital force of the Earth Spirit, and for unpredictable psychic currents, we should approach them with care.

Dowsers throughout the world report that the ley grid is currently undergoing a change — a re-activation — and it is hoped that events like the festivals at Stonehenge and Glastonbury will enable us to consciously participate in this change.

Midway between the festival sites lies Warminster, Britain's 'UFO HQ', where more than 3000 sightings have been reported since 1964. The sheer volume of reliable sightings across the world has brought much greater acceptance to the phenomenon in the 1970s, and we await the developments of the next decade with optimism. Our simultaneous Solstice gatherings at Glastonbury and Stonehenge is a situation with a potential as great or small as we make it.

The 1980s

Dion Fortune wrote. 'At Avalon, the veil that divides the seen from the unseen is thin.'

Our ability to become aware of the 'unseen' levels, and the ability of Glastonbury to provoke us to reach these levels, is a specific challenge to us at the dawn of the 1980s. This is an aspect of the energy crisis about which little is said — the human energy crisis, and the unlocking of human potential. Within this power-house lies the solution to all the apocalyptic nightmares that we face: population explosion, food shortage, ecological disaster, nuclear abuse, the misuse of technology and science, and the rest. To survive, we must find a way to harmonise the forces of the subtle, natural and human worlds.

The New Jerusalem

In the Bible, in the Book of Revelation, St John describes a holy city, the New Jerusalem. Research by John Michell and others reveals that Glastonbury Abbey and its surrounds were built according to the detailed

Active or passive healing?

Richard Gaddum

The correct alignment of life forces always takes personal effort. If the effort is abandoned, the misalignment of energy over many years creates body confusion and susceptibility to disease. Our life force is huge at conception but is rapidly dwindled as a result of our experiences in life.

Realignment of life forces can be in two ways. The important one is active healing, which is the complete, irreversible correction of our survival will. This is achieved through conscious effort and changing our body behaviour, mainly by intuitive self-guidance. The second way is passive healing, which is by the use of outside effort to help us by a healer, hypnotist or drugs. This method is not complete, unless we learn by the help and change our conscious attitude to our body behaviour. The same can be said of popular religions, which advocate an outside 'saviour' coming sometime in the unknown, distant future to correct human endeavours, as a substitute for personal re-forming through inner control. Also punishment comes from outside arbitrary control in our society, and no-one is encouraged to set self-governing limits.

Here is a simple method of active healing to re-align body posture. Our postures take years to become bent, and so take years to reshapen, so don't expect quick results if you have a long way to go. Body shape, or mis-shape, is directly associated with personality experience with the outer world. You must feel the energy flowing freely in you. Try to resist the feeling of needing to protect yourself all the time. For quickest results, imagine a stream of health-giving helpful energy (universal love) flowing all the time from your heart through your chest and abdomen into the matterspace around you, supporting what is already there.

Posture realignment by self massage over electromagnetic knots

If you feel the momentary need to scratch or rub your body somewhere (anywhere), it is the tight feeling on the surface of your body as a result of tissue misalignment underneath. When muscles are knotted, the electromagnetism flowing through the body is interrupted, and results in eddy currents and a tight feeling where the currents interfere with skin surface electric flow. If the place is immediately massaged by the hand of that side of the body (if possible), the tightness, or dull ache, should be followed to wherever you can feel it move along lines across your body, until it can no longer be felt.

Stretch your whole body, then relax, wait for the next itch or ache to irritate you, and do the same with that. Do not over-massage bad areas, wait for a few days to allow the surrounding tissue to take up a more correct position before tackling that area again. If an area is very tender massage as near to it as possible, pushing the tightness away from that point. Pay special attention to all parts of your head and neck.

The breathing muscles of upright mammals, such as gorillas and humans, are constantly vulnerable to becoming knotted. Gorillas sensibly beat their chests with their open hands when they are nervous, to release the tension. It takes immediate effect, avoiding the build-up of residual tension — nervousness inhibits full breathing.

The Gastonbury Affayre

Gaseous bubble, entwined fire
Berry bursting into fruit
Of love, togetherness, isness.

Throngs, heads thought,
Moved by air music,
Swaying in caressing breeze.

Clearness in the sky:
Empty brain travelling,
Here lands, pulsing.

Meets this movement,
Into this space walking,
Suspended in the midst of time.

Pop Festivals come of age

Jeremy Sandford

With this Fayre at Glastonbury, pop festivals come of age. In Britain, the first music festival lasting longer than a day, with people camping overnight, was at Beaulieu in Hampshire in '58 — 21 years ago. And the first in the world, the Newport Jazz and Folk Festival, was on Rhode Island, USA, in '54. So on this planet festivals are a quarter of a century old.

Nine years ago *free* festivals were born with the Phun City Festival. Since then the best thing about festivals has been *their* history.

Free festivals are the ones where the primary aim is not to make a profit for someone. Usually seen by their organisers as celebrations of the New Age, they look forwards and backwards in time.

They look to a time when houses are less important or maybe non-existent, and we live closer to the earth, in more temporary structures that can be adapted to suit our moods, moved to reflect new friendships and allegiances, adapted to contain new members in the tribe, shifted to pick up the best of summer or winter, and are less wasteful of resources. And the festivals also pick up on the spirituality and conviviality of those great gatherings, religious and secular, which have taken place throughout time; when pilgrimages or celebrations have taken us out into the country, to Canterbury, Stonehenge, and other religious centres, and to the conviviality of huge get-togethers such as still preserved by our Gypsies in their gatherings at Epsom and Glastonbury.

The festivals celebrate sharing. The energy put together by all those involved in free festivals is not seeking financial gain. So they are an image of what society may become in the age of Aquarius, less into money transactions, more into sharing, having as many things as possible in common.

The gathering together of the energy that is Glastonbury has once before changed people's lives. I've never met anyone who was at the last great festival in '71 who does not feel that it was a profoundly important event in their lives. After it, people gave up their jobs in cities and moved out into the country, and in all sorts of ways altered the lives that they were leading.

This time it is even better organised, reflecting a trend towards greater efficiency in most of the more visionary areas of our society. And it may not be too much to hope that the present Fayre will have an equally inspiring effect as before on those who attend it.

Astrology and political changes

Peter Simester

At exactly 11.56pm GMT, Thursday June 21st (which becomes 00.56am Friday June 22nd by adding one hour for British Summer Time) the sun will reach its maximum northerly elevation for this year. The moment of the Summer Solstice commences the period until the New Moon on Sunday June 24th, 1979 at 00.58pm BST, which has been used for sacred, religious and political alignment for at least 8000 years in this area.

One is often told nowadays that all the cultural and social changes that are boiling about our ears are in some ways a menopause of the accumulation of the last two thousand years' history, and that by the Grand Cross of Planets on August 11th, 1999, a new aeon under the symbol of Aquarius will dawn. I do not entirely agree with this, but add the observation that these days must be the Piscean part of the Piscean era. A single word that sums up this period is *dissolution,* a dissolving of the accumulated past is the force we are now

experiencing. Another point of singularly rare occurrence is at this moment extremely acute — the moment when the Earth is at aphelion (*i.e.* furthest away from the sun) in our present period of time occurs on July 5th. The sun appears near conjunct Sirius and the Earth in alignment with Vega, the Witch Star. This axis, 14° Capricorn - 14° Cancer is the axis astronomers have delineated as the axis of the overall drift of our whole galaxy. (We on Earth in our solar system are part of one galaxy of which there are multi billions.) Within an accuracy of one degree this then can occur for a period of 72 years, once every *25,800* years. I would hazard a guess that coinciding with these times 25,800 years ago, the concept of the *circle* dawned upon mankind's consciousness, and since then, the art and power of measurement have developed through unhindered to our modern age. Aided by Galileo, Brahe, Kepler, Newton and Einstein, the circle has been exploded into a never-ending precision of elliptical spirals, though we are still locked in the division that our knowledge of time has cast. Peculiarly enough we have left out, since the science-mad era dawned, the use of precise alignment with meditative fusion. These thirteen days of Earth Time between the solstice and the aphelion point are the days to align the centre of our own being with each known force of the solar system and out to the centre of our galaxy beyond to the 'centre and beginning and ending of all that is, has been and ever will be'. They are the days and their opposites in winter, when *humans can become beings and be, here, now;* with the perfect moments created by the dynamical precise changes that come about from the point that our Earth occupies in the whole of space.

Whilst people might frolic beneath trees and yearn to touch the centre of our universe, the forces that govern our concentration and goal conceptions have many tuning forks within our solar system, and many and varied are the levels on which humans consider the nectar of life to exist.

We are in these magnificent and ancient British Isles, whirling within a magical force that has had many manifestations — Ceredwen's Cauldron, Merlin's Circle, Arthur's Table, The Land of the Holy Grail, England, the British Empire, UK, EEC, NATO etcetera — and perched still on a pinnacle, we have Her Majesty's throne and her obedient Prime Minister casting their wills over the population and the world from these most *magikal isles,* 1/7 (52°) of the circumference removed from the equator of the Earth, gaining an invigoration of their power as the planets, since March 28th, 1979, have made fourteen separate perfect pentatonic relationships, one with another to the Saturn–Uranus pentacle. On May 28th commenced the perfection Jupiter–Pluto pentacle, and from that date, nine more perfect pentatonic harmony movements have occurred. On June 3rd - 6th, an invigorating rash of pentacles occurred and on June 15th the last burst of precision was felt. Now perfectly on this solstice we can relax, for over the last 45 days the decisions have been taken that will affect each and every one of our struggles for peaceful survival. The power of politics and police rule Britannia now, and over the next two years all these planets that are now making pentatonic deflections of the outer forces, will pass through and make the most intense conjunction alignment that can occur in a 179-year cycle.

Note that the last time three of the outer planets aligned in opposition to the sun were 1915–1921 and 1938–1946. On the rare moment of December 11th–12th, 1979, we will have Moon, Mars and Jupiter eclipsing one another; on February 26th, 1980, Mars, Jupiter, Earth and sun will be eclipsing each other; on March 1st, 1980, sun, moon, Earth, Mars and Jupiter will perfectly align; and precisely on December 31st, 1980, Jupiter and Saturn will conjoin in a square with the Sun — a moment of monumental change of gear. The release of the control of the built-up goals that are being tuned beneath the Jupiter, Mars and Saturn conjunction will finally trigger on March 26th, 1981, when a perfect alignment of Mars, Sun, Venus, Earth, Jupiter and Saturn occurs on the 5°–6° Aries–Libra axis. Amidst all this change in relativity (lest it be forgotten), remember Pluto, the latest wave-tuner to be recognised and measured by conscious process, is, over the next 20 years, at its perihelion. By Newton's and Kepler's laws it is at its strongest, and this conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn will quickly dissipate unto the power of Pluto. We must hope that, as the passage of similar events was added to by Uranus in 1939–45, and Neptune in 1914–19, that the said planets' passage of precision over Pluto will not result in any third world war.

The next nine years will be quite reminiscent of 1800 to 1808. The builders and thrivers upon war situations need to be peacefully subverted by the *internal meditators* in this next nine years. Those that do no-thing can save the world. In this period of time we have the fortune to learn the true and real effects of the power of the alignment of the planets, and its effects on mankind. There are eleven levels of time of pertinent interest: the observation of our own psychological reactions in these time cycles gives the knowledge of the power of Time.

All contributions © 1979 of the contributors named.

The views expressed by the contributors are not necessarily those of the Fayre's organisers.

(after A. E. Waite)

Glastonbury Fayre would like to thank...

Every musician who has entertained you from the stages. They have all done so for expenses only and we love and appreciate them for doing so, and we hope that you do too...

Theatre and Dance groups

Footsbarn, Incubus, Abracadabra, Cunning Stunts, Beryl and the Perils, X-6 and Many Ways of Moving, Matchbox Purveyors, Headless Wonder and Gong Run, Continuum, Baths Arts Workshop, All Women Cabaret, Tim Dry, Lisa the Fire-eater, Centre Ocean Stream, Natural Theatre Company, Arica, White Horse Theatre.

Lecture area speakers

Sir George Trevelyan, Geoffrey Ashe, Margaret Rogers, John Steele, Ralph White, Centre for Alternative Technology, Patricia Dodson, Legalise Cannabis Campaign, Ley Hunters Association, Micha Norland, Elizabeth Bellhouse, Brian Butler, Tom Graves, Gerald Carter, Bill Tara, Allen Ginsberg, Greenpeace.

Children's area contributors

The Cumberland Giants, Soapbox Theatre, Magic O Show, Saynomore Theatre, Half Moon Youth Theatre, All Day Suckers, Skulduggery, Bristol Playbus, Andy Wheream, Amazing Puppet Theatre, Groundwell Farm, Action Space, Pete Banstead's Show, Airspace, Palfi the Clown, the Great Goffee and Sasso, Nomads and Suckers, and all the helpers and supervisors in this area.

Jade Dearling for the orange covered stage, Nik Turner and Harry Williamson for the pyramid stage, Hit and Run Music for Genesis' rolling stage, Bungey for the Bus stage. Albion Fair for the Dome. Sid and Chris and the Tepee people for the big Lodge.

Showlights for mainstage lighting, Britannia Row for effect lighting, SSE Turbosound for the PA, John Everett for floating goodies, OHM Acoustics for PA on pyramid stage, Revelation Staging, Phoenix Festival Productions, John Anderson for design and Steve Bookham for printing, Tom Graves and Janet Hoult for design and typesetting and Joe Caruso and his staff for printing this booklet, Jolly for badges etc., Freddy and Wendy Bannister, Michael Billing and the Lions for car parking.

Somerset Police for traffic control, Mendip District Council and their officers (particularly Mr Burton, Mr Bold, Mr Bush and Mr Stringer), the local Fire Brigade, health services and other services. The people of Pilton for their patience.

Festival Welfare Services, Dr Alan Blandford and all the other doctors, Dr Dunlop and the Red Cross, Release, Samaritans, Dr Michael Ash, Peter and Muriel Ash, Kathy Jones, Findhorn, Jules and Misha and all who contributed to the alternative health area.

Toilets by Goode Site Services and supervised by John Edmund and Civil Aid, Cardiff Civil Aid for land telephones, Robin James Radio Links Communications Ltd for walkie-talkies, Bath Civil Aid for their tremendous food set-up, and Rainbow Food and Cauldron.

Bill, John, Bella, Tim, Miranda, Hamish, Frances, Mike, Dee, Sue, Paul, David, Isobel, Ted, Richard, Corina, Tony, Silver, Billy, Steve and Miquette, Pete and Kate, Ben and Catherine, Ian, Ron, Martin, Rob and Chrissie, Tim, Martin, Roland, Martin, Roger and Bill and Adge, Jolly, John and Becky, the two Johns, Malcolm, Hogie, Graham, John and Edwina, Paul, Mike, Una, Jeremy, Mano, Tom, Mike, Peter and Licia, Phil, Jade, Bill Bob and friends.

Sorry if we've left anyone off the list. We thank you — you know who you are.

Special love and thanks to Michael Eavis and Jean and their children for letting us use Worthy Farm yet again for our Fayre. We hope you all enjoy it.

From the point of Light within the Mind of God
Let light stream forth into the minds of men.
Let Light descend on Earth.

From the point of Love within the Heart of God
Let love stream forth into the hearts of men.
May Christ return to Earth.

From the centre where the Will of God is known
Let purpose guide the little wills of men —
The purpose which the Masters know and serve.

From the centre which we call the race of men
Let the Plan of Love and Light work out.
And may it seal the door where evil dwells.

Let Light and Love and Power restore the Plan on Earth.

A few notes

On the site

This beautiful site is 150 acres and should be big enough for us all. There are lots of site maps around and notices on our boundary fences. So **please** don't go into our neighbours' fields. Some of the fields have been re-seeded this year and will be ruined if walked upon; and the cattle will need every blade of grass they can find after the past very poor winter and spring. If you go wandering in the fields off the Fayre site our farming neighbours will be upset — justifiably — and may try to prevent future Fayres. So use your heads — please!

We have provided lots of wood for you, so please don't use the trees or hedges for wood. Please use only the fire sites provided as we must avoid additional fire risks.

When setting up camp please keep within the lines we have set out with baler twine. And leave sensible gaps between tents!

There are lots of rubbish bags around the site — please use them.

We hope that we have provided all the facilities you might need for the three days, and that you won't need to go off the site to get things. Pilton is only a small village — so again, use your heads! And the less we disturb the village and locals, the more chance we have of being able to do something like this again.

We have worked hard to make this event happen, and you have paid towards it. It is now yours. Care for it, participate in it and make it perfect. Have a beautiful time!

After the Fayre

Road: Petrol supplies are somewhat limited at the moment in the West Country, and many of the local garages now have to close at weekends. Local supplies will certainly *not* be able to cope with the fuel needs of everyone at the Fayre. So please, if you possibly can, re-fuel on your journey home, to leave enough fuel near here for those who really are short. Motorway service stations are always open, and we should have information on other garages closer to hand.

Rail: The nearest station for London is *Castle Cary,* with trains at 18.45 and 20.10 on Sunday. We hope to be able to run a coach service from the Fayre to meet these two trains. Trains from *Bath* go to London quicker and more often, at 4 minutes to and 6 minutes past the hour from 13.06 onwards. We will have information on trains for other places at the site information office.